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THE

Half-Million Mark

PASSED.

The World's November Circulation.

PER WEEK DAY.

1894.....500,353

1893.....438,250

1891.....370,860

Gain in One Year.....62,103

Gain in Three Years.....129,493

PER SUNDAY.

(No Evening Edition.)

1894.....339,677

1893.....261,980

1891.....239,932

Gain in One Year.....77,697

Gain in Three Years.....99,745

NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

In Nov., 1894.....78,951

In Nov., 1893.....75,385

Gain over Nov. last year, 3,566

Fortunately "Justice" Divver's pre-

sential trial will not be the end of his tribu-

lations.

If ex-inspector Steers is guilty, it is

a case, like Creeden's, of another good

man gone wrong.

Mr. Goff unmasked the pantiars a long

while ago. Now he is hot on the trail

of the pantiarsimus.

The police pantiars have been practi-

cing division and silence. They are

now taking lessons in subtraction.

Mr. Cleveland shot thirty ducks yester-

day. He has apparently lost his aim

in the matter of bringing down the

Trusts.

The Lexow Committee's life should be

prolonged, for one thing, so that certain

politics may have their turns on the

witness-stand.

Eleven shoplifters caught in one dry-

goods store. Evidently the shopkeepers

are no reason why they shouldn't have

a merry Christmas.

Of course, there are denials, but it

looks very probable that Sergt.

Taylor was giving the Lexow Commit-

tee straight Steers.

Capt. Schmittberger's bail has been

increased to \$15,000. The amount is

heavy. But it would be no light mat-

ter if the Captain should get away.

It costs \$100,000 a year to feed the Fire

Department horses. We hope the com-

mittee that is to be organized to clean-

up the city will be able to get the

horses fed. Besides the horses feeding at

the municipal trough.

Reppenhagen, confessed custodian of

Creeden's purchase money for a cap-

taincy, has resigned from the State

Department's Executive Committee. He

was wise to get out. Obvious hunger

for food is the strongest hold for all time to come.

Gov. Atkinson, of Georgia, left his box

at the opera last night to go out and

stop a negro lynching, which he did

successfully. These lynchings may be-

come unpopular in the South if they in-

terfere with social functions in this

way.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) young lady for-

gives a preacher asked his congregation

to pray that she might be cleansed of

right, the case may well be regarded as

hopeless for the present. The spectacle

will then be presented of one great and

grasping Trust purchasing from the Na-

tional Legislature, for its own money-

making ends, the sacrifice of the great-

est industry of whole sections of the

country.

AS TO MASSACRE.

Not all the massacring is being done

in China and Armenia. We are having

a very fine sample of wholesale slaugh-

ter right here in New York every day

the Lexow Committee sits. It is reputa-

tions, and not bodies, that are being

slightly constituted men rather than

their lives than their reputations? In

our New York massacre is not less

horrible than Port Arthur or Armenia

simply because it is less gory. The

wounds and death inflicted by Field

Marshal Goff and his aides will be fresh

and rankling for a generation after the

woes of Port Arthur are forgotten.

Continuing what is going on under

our very eyes, we can well understand

the with the Japs, and even with the un-

speakable Turk. The massacre at Port

Arthur is an unfortunate incident of the

progress of a great reform movement.

The massacre of reputations is a nec-

essary incident of the investigation and

reform of the New York Police Depart-

ment. Women and children and hon-

orable men have suffered with the guilty

as well in New York as at Port Arthur.

Not alone in the heat of battle, but in

the enjoyment of victory, mercy has

been as unknown here as in China. The

sword of the Japanese invader is no

more cruel than the unsparing weapons

which the Lexow Committee has wield-

ed against the police.

There are always helpless victims to

whom the march of civilization brings

misery and wretchedness, whether its

path be over Oriental battle-fields or

through the court-rooms and jails of an

American city.

These are times of peace and good

will. Let us all, Japs, Turks and Re-

formers, spare a few days from slaugh-

ter to pity the unfortunate, though per-

haps inevitable victims.

AN UNLIKELY DEFENSE.

It is to be regretted that the Rev. Dr.

Morgan Dix, the rector of Trinity, has

thought proper to come forward as the

defendant in the Creeden case. It is

the matter of the wretched and really

illegal condition of the tenement-houses

on the corporation property. It would

have been better becoming if all the time

and efforts of Dr. Dix and his associates

had been devoted to an immediate rem-

edy of the evil instead of being wasted

on an appeal to the public.

Dr. Dix complains that the newspa-

per exposure of the deplorable condi-

tion of the Trinity tenement has "degen-

erated into the familiar form of malevo-

lent attack, garnished with large type

and startling headlines."

But the "large-type headlines" of the

newspapers are the least of the evils

as the story told by the squalor and

misery seen in the faces of the Trinity

tenants; the "startling woodcut," true

to reality as they are, convey but a

little conception of the degradation, the filth

and the wretchedness of the scenes they

seek to represent.

It might be supposed that a church

would be the most careful of all land-

lords in looking after the welfare, com-

fort and improvement of its poor ten-

ants. The vast property owned by Trin-

ity is held in trust for church purposes,

and so might well claim a greater de-

gree of philanthropy and benevolence

than the management that would be ex-

pected from private owners.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Dix will

waste no more time and energy in dis-

cussing the newspapers, the Legislature

"SPECIAL DELIVERY."

The "up-to-date comedy-drama of met-

ropolitan life," entitled "Special Deliv-

ery," now current at the Columbus The-

atre, Harlem, is evidently designed to

appeal to the tender hearts of those

useful members of the community—the

letter-carriers. The hero is a postman,

and the principal scene takes place in

the Post-Office. There were plenty of

letter-carriers in the audience last night.

I am told, however, they liked David H.

Scully's play; perhaps the scene in the

Post-Office covered up a whole multi-

tude of evils. I can therefore only re-

gret that I am not a postman.

Mr. Scully has probably been to the

theatre very often, and he has learned

a thing or two. The thing or two that

he has acquired he has incorporated in

"Special Delivery." He knows the good

old theory that if you want to down

the hero have an incriminating letter

placed in his pocket, and let him be

searched. Mr. Scully uses that good

old theory. He has also learned the

theory that the hero is alone with the

body of a man who has died under sus-

picious circumstances and he will be

guilty until the case of the play. That

rule has no exception, and poor Ed-

ward Carrington, at the close of the

third act, was not only supposed to have

been instrumental in the death of Henry

Howard, but a letter had been discover-

ed in the pocket of his gray-blue coat.

Poor Ed! Cruel Scully!

The dialogue of "Special Delivery" is

highly epigrammatic. Here is one of

the epigrams: "A man of honor never

seeks reward for doing his duty." The

audience howled with delight at this.

Perhaps Mr. Scully intended it to re-

fer to the revelations that are agitat-

ing the surface of municipal politics at

present. I am inclined to believe, how-

ever, that the author of the play con-

sidered it a really, genuinely nice and

original sentiment, and that politics

has nothing to do with its evolution.

One scene in "Special Delivery" shows

us One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street

near the east side Post-Office. A young

man in knickerbockers comes out and

sings a song, standing dangerously

near to the cable tracks. He does not

get hurt, though. Not a single car

passes. Perhaps the gentleman's voice

stops them. More extraordinary things

have happened. Yet he does not sing

badly. The trouble—yet be serious—

with Mr. Scully's play is that he has no

story to tell, and nothing to put in its

place. A play calls for the gleam of

an idea, for a hero that does some-

thing interesting, for a heroine that is

sympathetic, for a villain that works

hard for his biases. The best members

of the company are Julia H. Sweeney,

who plays the part of an old Irish

woman in the Post-Office and Harry

Mills, the baseball boy. Ralph Starr,

as the hero, is not effective, but he

is lacking in dash, and B. Russell

Throckmorton is not half as startling

as his name. Miss Laura Russell should

get some one to buy her a new speak-

ing voice for a Christmas present.

Thaddeus Spine does good work as a

comic, and Charles Barrett, who

dies in the second act, is not regretted.

A "postal quartet" seemed to afford

the audience much satisfaction.

ALAN DALE.

WILSON BILL BARGAIN COUNTER.

SAVE YOUR AMAS MONEY.

COTTON DRILLS.

Selling at 60c.

THAT WERE 60c.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE FUND

It Will Furnish \$5,000 Poor Chil-

dren with Toys and Good Cheer

on the Great Festival Day.

Send money to "Christmas-Tree Fund,

Cable, The World, Pulitzer Building,

The Christmas-Tree Fund

Send money to "Christmas-Tree Fund,

Cable, The World, Pulitzer Building,

New York City.

Send all persons of toys, clothing, shoes,

and all persons of toys, clothing, shoes,

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